Boult. To night, to night, but Mistresse, doe you know the French Knight that cowres i'th hams?

Baud. VVho, *Mounsier Verollus*?

Boult. I, he offered to cut a caper at the proclamation, but he made a grone at it, and swore he would see her to morrow.

Baud. VVell, well, as for him he brought his disease hither, here he doth but repaire it, I know he will come in our shadow, to scatter his crownes in the sunne.

Boult. VVell, if we had of euery Nation a traueller, we should lodge them with this signe.

Baud. Pray you come hither a while, you haue Fortunes comming vpon you, marke me, you must seeme to doe that fearefully, which you commit willingly, despise profite, where you haue most gaine, to weepe that you liue as you do, makes pitty in your louers sildome, but that pitty begets you a good opinion, and that opinion a meere profite.

Mar. I vnderstand you not.

Boult. O take her home mistresse, take her home, these blushes of hers must be quencht with some present practise.

Mari. Thou sayest true yfaith, so they must, for your Bride goes to that with shame, which is her way to goe with warrant.

Boult. Faith some do, and some do not, but Mistresse, if I haue bargaind for the ioynt,

Baud. Thou maist cut a morsell off the spit.

Boult. I may so.

Baud. VVho should deny it? Come young one, I like the manner of your garments well.

Boult. I by my faith, they shall not be changed yet.

Baud. Boult, spend thou that in the Towne, report what a sojourner we haue, you'l lose nothing by custome. VVhen Nature framed this peece, she meant thee a good turne, therefore say what a parragon she is, & thou hast the haruest out of thine owne report.

Boult. I warrant you Mistresse, thunder shall not so awake the beds of Eeles, as my giuing out her beauty, stirs vp the lewdly enclined, Ile bring home some to night.

Baud.

Baud. Come your waies, follow me.

Mari. If fiers be hot, kniues sharpe, or waters deepe, Vntide I still my virgin knot will keepe. *Diana* aide my purpose.

Baud. VVhat haue we to do with *Diana*? pray you g vs.

Enter Cleon and Dionizia.

Dion. VVhy are you foolish, can it be vndone?

Cleon. O *Dionizia*, such a peece of slaughter, The Sunne and Moone nere lookt vpon.

Dion. I thinke you'l turne a childe againe.

Cleon. VVere I chiefe Lord of all this spacious worl giue it to vndo the deed. O Lady, much lesse in blood the tue, yet a Princesse to equall any single Crowne of the ea the iustice of compare, O villaine, *Leonine* whom thou ha soned too, if thou hadst drunke to him, it had beene a kin becomming well thy face, what canst thou say, when *Pericles* shall demand his childe?

Dion. That she is dead. Nurses are not the fates to fo nor euer to preserue, she dide at night, Ile say so, who can it, vnlesse you play the Innocent, and for an honest attribut out she dyde by foule play.

Cleon. O go too, well, well, of all the faults beneath the uens, the Gods do like this worst.

Dionizia. Be one of those that thinkes the pretty wre *Tharsus* will flie hence, and open this to *Pericles*, I do shan thinke of what a Noble straine you are, and of how cow spirit.

Cleon. To such proceeding, who euer but his approba added, though not his whole consent, he did not flow from nourable courses.

Dionizia. Be it so then, yet none doth know but you h she came dead, nor none can know *Leonine* being gone. S